

# Milking my Sister

A close-up photograph of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a black earring, kissing a woman on the neck. The woman is wearing a black lace bra. The text "Milking my Sister" is overlaid in a white, dripping font.





# Milking my Sister

B.SOB JAKKEN

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Milking my Sister

*Taboo Incest Erotica*

B.Sobjakken

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

Copyright © 2023 Brooke Sobjakken

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, email [author@bsobjakken.com](mailto:author@bsobjakken.com)

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# CONTENTS

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Stalk me](#)

[Books By This Author](#)

[\*OceanofPDF.com\*](#)

# CHAPTER ONE

Visit [FileDB.io](https://FileDB.io) for more free books

“Finally,” my sister sighs, flopping down onto the couch.

I glance at her as she rubs her shoulders before returning to my game, muting my headphones so I can listen to her.

“He took forever to go to sleep.” Sara groans as she stretches her legs, pushing her toes underneath me.

“Well, it’s a new place. We all have trouble adjusting to new things,” I shrug, keeping my gaze on the screen. My thigh was burning at the feel of her next to me. I’ve lived alone for the last few years since I graduated college. And with working from home, I’ve had limited interactions with others. Most of my friends were my colleagues and rarely met outside the virtual world we had created. It felt... odd, the touch of another person, even if it was just my sister.

“Thank you... again,” she mutters, and I look at her somber expression.

“I’ll always be here for you and my nephew. You know that. I’m sorry his father is a piece of shit. I’m just glad we could get you out of there without problems.” I reach down and give her calf a squeeze.

Turning off my game, I place my controller on the table and lean back on the cushions.

“How are you doing?” I ask her.

She laughs bitterly, “I don’t know. Honestly. It doesn’t feel real that I left him. And...” she pauses, swallowing, “I’m not even sad. I’m relieved.”

I nod, patting her leg again. “I think— you. Uh,” I stutter, my cheeks burning as a flush crawls up my neck. I avoid glancing at her shirt again and turn away from her. “Sorry, you’re - um.” I wave towards the general area. Her light blue shirt started forming large dark circles around her breast area, and I can only assume what that meant.

“Shit!” She exclaims, jumping up from the couch. “Sorry, I wasn’t expecting that so soon after feeding him.”

“It’s okay,” I croak to reassure her, but she’s already walking away from me and back towards the bedroom down the hall. I exhale a long breath, knowing I was being ridiculous to be embarrassed by it. It was natural and definitely not the worst thing I’ve seen. Growing up, I remember how the bathroom trash was full of her period products. Sometimes the towels got little stains on them, and I remember the smack upside my head from our momma when I teased Sara about it.

“Hey,” She says, walking back into the living room. She’s in an oversized shirt dress thing now, her shorts and tighter t-shirt gone, “When we came back from his house, did you notice a small black bag? It’s kind of square and has a shoulder strap.”

I think about it for a moment. It sounded familiar. “Yeah, kind of. I think I put it with the rest of the storage boxes.”

Her face crumbles, “That’s my breast pump bag.”

I open my mouth and close it. I glance at my phone and grimace. “They’re closed. We can grab it first thing in the morning.”



Sara shifts on her feet, then runs a hand through her long blonde hair.  
“Okay. It’s fine. I should be okay till then.”

She grabs her breasts, squeezing them, and I look away quickly, stunned she did that in front of me.

I clear my throat, my cheeks feel like they're on fire. “Sorry, I didn’t know you were doing *that*.”

She sighs and moves to sit back on the couch next to me. I’m still avoiding looking at her, something about knowing my sister’s tits were leaking milk had my skin feeling tight.

“I’ve been producing more than Jake can drink. The pediatrician said it will adjust to his feeding habits, but I usually have a lot of extra. I had to leave it all in the fridge.”

I risk a glance at her, and my body relaxes. The loose dress doesn’t cling to the curves of her chest. “What are you doing till then?”

She shrugs, “I’ll have to hand express a bit and hope it’s enough till he wakes up again. And pray I don’t get a clogged duct.”

“A what?” I exclaim, and she blushes.

“It’s just something that happens. Don’t worry about it.”

I frown, my eyebrows furrowing. “Is it serious?”

“It can be. Don’t worry about it, Shane.” She’s still blushing, and I push at her shoulder.

“Okay. What’s hand express?”

She groans, covering her face. “Oh.my.god. Stop. I’ll be okay.”

“Sara, you sounded worried. I’m just trying to help.” I chuckle at her embarrassment, and she looks up at me and sticks her tongue at me.

“You can’t unless you want to s—” Her eyes widen as she stops.

“Unless I what?”

She shakes her head. “Forget I said anything.”

“Unless I suck them,” I say huskily as my mouth waters. It made the most sense, the baby wasn’t awake to feed, and she couldn’t suck her own, but I could. I hadn’t thought about it until it almost slipped from her mouth.

Sara inhales sharply, neither of us looking away from the other. “Suck them?” Her voice is soft and hesitant.

I nod. “It’s just to help you out.”

“Help me out, yeah.” She says absentmindedly.

I look down at her chest and swallow. “Let me help.”

She gets up shakily, moving to stand in front of me. Her fingers play at the hem of the t-shirt that is hanging mid-thigh. “Are you sure?”

“You don’t want a clogged duct, right?”

She shakes her head, and I smile reassuringly. “So it’s what we have to do because you don’t have your pump.”

“Right,” She rasps and grips her shirt, slowly pulling it up her body. I watch in astonishment. Her light blue lacy underwear is bright against her tanned body. My cock twitches at the sight of them, and I open my legs further so it’s not apparent. I wasn’t sure how she would react if she saw the bulge. Sara pulls the shirt over her head, tossing it on the floor. Her tits jiggle as her arms drop to her sides. A groan escapes before I can stop, and I run my palm across my mouth as I take them in.

Her breasts were perfection, large teardrop-shaped mounds hanging from her chest. Her rosy-pink nipples stood up, begging for attention as

they shine from the liquid gathered at the tip. It slowly dripped, running to the side of the breast and following the taunt lines of her toned stomach. I wasn't sure how I expected my sister's body to look after she had just had a baby eight months ago, but something out of a wet dream wasn't it. Her hands fly to her stomach as if to hide it, and I lunge to grab her wrists.

"Stop," I choke out, my face closer to her tits than beforehand. My cock was hard as steel, throbbing for release.

"My stretchmarks. They're—"

I shake my head. "Shut up, Sara."

I let go of her wrists, and she drops her arms at her side. I wet my dry lips and move my cock to a more comfortable position to relieve some pressure. I didn't care if she saw how she affected me. How else should a man react to a beautiful naked body before him?

"How do you want to do this?" I ask, looking up at her. I was struggling not to reach out and grab a handful.

She bites her lip, the nervousness apparent on her face. "Umm. I guess I can get closer, and you just... suck." She puts her hands on my shoulders and steps into my open legs. Her breasts are perfectly shoved in my face, I would just have to lean forward and pull it into my mouth.

"Let me know if it hurts or if you want to stop, okay?"

She nods. I reach out and put my hand on her waist. She flinches but doesn't say anything. The warmth of her body underneath my palm was exhilarating. I drag it up to the underside of her breasts, holding the weight of it in my hand, and I watch goosebumps break out over her skin. Her chest is heaving as I gather her breast, palming and squeezing it gently as I lift it up. Leaning forward, I twirl my tongue around the taunt bud once before sucking it into my mouth.

“Oh god,” she moans, her fingers digging into my shoulders. I pause, waiting for her to end it. She shakes her head, “No, don’t stop. It just feels *different*. I wasn’t expecting it.”

I pull her nipple further into my mouth, giving it a strong suck, and she flinches again. A small moan was audible under her breath as she steps closer, pushing her tits further into my face.

“Keep going,” she encourages breathlessly.

I give it a few more pulls before the first splash of sweetness hits my tongue. I jerk, not expecting, and Sara moans again. Her hand comes up to tangle into my hair, holding me to her breast. I rest my other hand on her lower back, keeping her tight against me as I drink from her. My eyes squeeze shut as I take gulps of my sister’s milk, it was unlike anything else I’ve tasted, and I never wanted it to end.

“Oh fuck,” Sara grunts, her grip on my hair tightening, and I open my eyes to see her thighs rubbing together. Was this turning her on?

I squeeze her breast tighter and drop my hand to her ass, pulling her closer, and I swallow more of her milky goodness. She complies quickly, her head thrown back as she tries to keep her whimpers down with each suck. My fingers dig hard into the flesh of her ass as I play with the lines of her underwear.

I am so fucking horny from feasting on my sister’s tits, and she’s responding just as much as I am. I’m not sure if I would fuck her, but I desperately want to know if her pussy was wet from feeding me her milk. I wonder how far I can take this.

“Should I switch?” I ask, popping off her nipple and watching as some of her milk leaks from it. My thumb rubs at it, spreading it around her

hardened bud.

“Yes,” She groans. I scoot back on the couch, pulling her with me so she’s forced to straddle my lap. She yelps, looking at me in shock as she follows me down. The heat from her pussy is pressing against my hard cock, and I have to stop myself from thrusting up into her. I tap her ass, nodding at her. “Sit on your knees a bit, so your tits are more level.”

She fixes herself, and I immediately miss the warmth of her cunt, but I need to finish my dessert before going for the meal. I squeeze her other breast, leaning forward and pulling it quickly with hard sucks. I am more comfortable this time, knowing how to extract her milk.

Sara gasps, her fingers digging into my shoulders again. I’m hesitant as I continue to drink from her, knowing what I want to do next but unsure how she will react. I rest my hand on the outside of her thigh for a few minutes as I swallow down her sweetness, moving my hand slowly to the inside to not alarm her. Sara has one hand in my hair and the other on the back of the couch as if to hold her up. I trace my fingers up her thigh, and I quickly swipe against her pussy through her panties. She gasps, her legs trembling slightly.

My heart pounds as I take deep pulls of her nipple, relishing the milk filling my mouth. I need to know if this affects her as much as me. I rub my fingers against her pussy again, the lacy material sticking to her skin as I push against her hole. Fuck, she is wet. But how wet? I switch back to the other breast. At the same time I pull that sensitive swollen bud into my mouth, I push her panties to the side, and shove my middle finger into my sister's cunt.

“Shane!” She cries out, her hips rocking forward. She is fucking soaked. Her juices are smearing all over my knuckles. I pull out, gather some up,

and move to rub at her clit.

“Ngh,” she grunts, her breathing is labored as I work her pussy. I shift my hand and push two fingers back into her, leaving my thumb to rub at her swollen nub. I pump in and out a few times, her pussy so fucking tight, unwilling to let go of my fingers every time I try to pull out. She is close.

I move to switch back to the other breast. She’s rocking with my hand, helping me finger fuck her.

“Feed me your tits,” I command, my eyes flashing up at her. She lets go of my hair and grabs her breast lining it up with my mouth, and I pull it where it belongs.

“Oh god,” she moans, humping my hand faster, “Please. *Please*. I’m going to come.”

My cock jumps at her moans. I want to be balls deep inside her the next time she pleads like that.

I lean my head back, staring at her flushed face. Pieces of blonde hair stick to her forehead as she grabs her breasts with both hands, pinching her nipples. Milk leaks from them, and I’m torn between staring at it or where my fingers are buried.

“Come for me, baby,” I groan, pumping faster and pressing my thumb down harder, “come all over my hand. Soak me with your juices.”

Sara makes a choked-off cry before her walls clamp so hard on my fingers that I’m afraid she will break them. I can’t move my hand as her legs tremble, her pussy pulsing with her orgasm.

“Ohmygod. Oh fuck,” she cries before she collapses onto my lap, my hand slipping out.



I bring my fingers to my mouth, tasting her. It wasn't as sweet as her milk, but I knew I would drink her cum from the source soon enough. She moans as she watches me suck her arousal off my hand. She shifts her hips, rubbing against my erection, and I hiss. Sara looks at my cock with widened eyes, and I grip her chin.

"Lay down," I tell her, nodding at the rest of the couch next to us. She scrambles off my lap and lays on her back, opening her legs in invitation. I stand, pushing my gray sweatpants down, and grab my shaft, stroking it slowly.

"Holy shit," she whispers. I held back a smirk. I knew I had a big dick. It's why I would build up to stuffing her pussy full of it. I close her legs and straddle her chest, my knees on either side of her shoulders.

"I'm gonna fuck your throat, and you'll take it, won't you?"

She nods, lifting her head to lap at the tip of my dick. I groan from the first flick of her hot little tongue. It's been a while since something other than my hand touched it. She moans and pulls it further into her mouth, giving a tentative suck.

"Fuck," I mutter. I lean forward, gripping the couch's armrest and resting my weight there. "It's going to be quick and rough. Tap my thigh if it's too much. Okay, baby?"

Sara nods, and I push deeper into her mouth. The sleek heat is already threatening to send me over the edge. I give her a few slow thrusts, pulling out completely and letting her breathe. The next time she lines up my cock to her lips, I plunge forward. My balls draw up to my body at the sound of her gag. I pull out halfway before thrusting hard back into her. Her fingers are digging into my legs, and I look down, grunting at the tears flowing down her face.

“*God damn,*” I grit out. She is so fucking beautiful. I start pounding into her, savoring the clench of her throat every time I hit the back of it. I only need a few more pumps before I come

“Swallow it,” I demand, holding my dick all the way in as it shoots out thick white ropes. It throbs with each wave, filling her mouth as she chokes on the overload of seed. She taps on my thigh, and I pull out of her mouth as she gasps for breath, coughing as my cum spills from her lips.

I’m panting as I roll off her, laying on the other end of the couch. She sits up as well, wiping at her face.

“Don’t waste it,” I say, and she freezes before turning to look at me. I watch as she sucks my cum off her fingers, and I smile. “Good fucking girl.”

She shivers and goes to say something when a soft cry interrupts us. It’s like a switch goes off on her, and I see any arousal drain from her body. Leaping off the couch, she grabs her dress shirt and quickly puts it back on before going to the bedroom she’s sharing with her son. My nephew.

She didn’t say anything as she left. But I didn’t expect her to. What was there to say? I grab my sweatpants off the floor and put them back on. I don’t realize how long I sat there in silence, unmoving, till I glance at my phone and realized two hours had gone by. Sighing, I get up and make my way to my bedroom. I know my sister won’t acknowledge what happened between us. At least not tonight.

## CHAPTER TWO

I find her in the kitchen in the morning. My nephew babbles in the tiny seat she has him in on the floor beside her.

“Hey buddy,” I coo, tickling his belly. Sara startles, glancing at me quickly before turning back to the counter.

“Morning,” I say, and she mumbles it back. Sighing, I move to the small table and take a seat. “What’s the plan today? You still need to go to storage?”

“I just wanted to feed him some before Lana comes over.” she nods, turning to Jake. She picks up the seat and moves him to the top of the table I’m leaning on.

“Lana’s coming?”

She hums, making weird faces as she pushes a spoon of mashed food from a bowl. “I figured it would be easier if it’s just the two of us,” Sara pauses, blushing, “Plus, we should probably talk.”

“We should,” I tell her softly. I give my nephew one more teasing belly rub and stand up. ‘I’ll shower then, and we can head out once she’s here.’

Sara nods, and I pause, wanting to kiss her on the side of the head. I refrain and shower, using the time to go over what I want to say to her. I want to continue to explore this between us, even if most people view it as wrong. It felt right. Nothing has felt as natural as what occurred between us last night. I have never come as hard as I did down my sister’s throat.

My cock stiffens at the reminder, but I ignore it. If I'm spilling my seed anywhere today, it's in or on Sara's body.

When I come back out, Lana is sitting on the couch, bouncing my nephew on her knee. I desperately want to rip her off of it. That is *our* couch. It feels sullied by my sister's best friend's presence. I keep my face blank, pushing my anger down as I greet her and turn to Sara. "Ready?"

"My phone will be on if you need anything. Thanks again for coming last minute." She says, kissing her son's chubby cheeks before stepping away.

Lana waves her away, "Girl, I would quit my job and become a full-time nanny to see you leave that piece of shit."

I grunt in agreement, and Sara looks down. Gently pushing her shoulder to the door, I grab my keys and head toward my truck. She follows me silently.

"It wasn't anything against you, you know?" I assure her as we reach the assigned parking spot.

Sara gets into the passenger as I climb in across from her, starting it up and heading out to the road.

"I know, but I still feel ashamed for staying as long as I did. Like I failed my son."

I sigh, gripping the steering wheel tightly. "You didn't though. You're here now."

"Shane..." She starts, and I focus on the road, unwillingly to see whatever emotion I'm sure is clouding her face. "Last night. We-"

"I don't regret it," I spit out, and she inhales sharply. I sneak a peek at her, "I don't. I want to do more."

Sara huffs, crossing her arms as she sinks further into my seat. She's silent for the last few minutes as we arrive at the storage place. I punch in my keycode and drive around the building, thankful for the isolated unit towards the back so we couldn't be bothered. She jumps out, waiting by the locked doors as she keeps her back to me. I use my keycode to open the doors, and she stomps down the hall toward my unit.

"Why are you upset?"

"I'm not," she shrugs, leaning against the wall as I find the key for the lock of the storage unit. It's one of the few smaller keys on my ring.

I loop the lock on my fingers, bending and pulling up the door. It rolls up to the ceiling, and I grimace at all the boxes stacked in front. I had hoped the bag would be sitting magically in front, waiting patiently to take it home.

"I don't think I packed it in anything. It should just be out and about." I tell her setting the lock on the first box and start shifting them to the side so we can walk through.

"I'm not upset, Shane." She says from across the small room.

"Okay," I grunt, moving the dresser we had left in here out of the way.

"Okay? You didn't sound like you believed me."

Sighing, I stop and turn to look at her. "What did you want me to say? Ask you if you regret it? I think you do."

She glares at me. "I don't."

I throw up my hands, "Okay, so what's with the attitude then?"

Her little leg bounces as she taps her foot and sucks in the corner of her bottom lip. "I don't— Shouldn't we regret it?" Her eyes are vulnerable as she stares at me.

“Possibly, but I think we crossed the line of what we should or shouldn’t do.”

Sara smiles before giggling, and I smile. She doesn’t move as I walk towards her and lean forward to press my forehead against her. She’s always been smaller, shorter than me, pocket size, but I didn’t realize how much till I admired her body in a different light. My hand slides into her hair, tilting her face to me.

Her breath fans across my face. “Shane.”

I shush her and press my mouth against hers. She releases a small moan, her hands twisting into the shirt at my waist. Our lips move against each other, and I press closer, wanting more. My tongue begs for entrance into her hot mouth, and she complies. I groan at my first taste of her. Dropping my hands to her ass, I lift her up, and she wraps her legs around me. I turn, stumbling into some boxes as I go to the furniture piece I knew was straight ahead. Sara gasps as I set her on the dresser, pulling her to the edge.

“Lean back.”

She glances behind her before lowering onto her elbows. Her breasts stretched against the tank top she was wearing. Her nipples restrained against the bra, showing me they were hard, and my mouth watered. I push up her shirt, wanting a taste of that nectar now.

“Wait,” Sara stops me, “Watch.” She sits up, pulling the tank top off and using her fingers to unsnap something above her breast. The material covering them falls open, and my cock hardens when the pink leaking nipple is exposed. “It’s a breastfeeding bra,” She says, undoing the other side.



“Easy access, and it even holds them up for me,” I tell her, cupping the wondrous mounds, my fingers pinching at the hardened buds.

She gasps, “it’s for the baby.”

“I’m your baby right now.”

Sara groans, leaning back. “Thanks for reminding me you’re still my lame brother with that stupid joke.”

I bite her nipple just hard enough for her to let out a small scream and suck it into my mouth. Her legs wrap around my hips, her heels digging into my thighs. My hand massages the flesh of her other breast when I finally feel her milk flowing and groan at the sweetness.

“Fuck,” she breathes, her hips trying to rock against my cock.

I let go, pushing on her chest so she lays down on the wood. Her head hangs off the other edge of the dresser. “Is your pussy wet from your lame brother sucking on your tits, little sister?”

Grabbing the waistband of her leggings, I pull them down and inhale sharply when I see she’s not wearing underwear.

“Naughty girl. Were you hoping something would happen today?” I pause, admiring her. She’s naked, besides the bra fully exposing her tits. I wanted to push into her heat badly, but this wasn’t the place. I rub myself through my pants to relieve some of the pain from how hard I am.

“Yes,” her answer is soft, some of that previous hesitancy. I pry her legs open, setting her feet on the edge of the surface.

“Let’s see if your pussy leaks as much as your tits,” I whisper as I blow a quick breath across her glistening folds. She shudders, her legs trembling as I lower onto my knees so I’m at the perfect height to feast.

I inhale her sharply, pushing her legs out to open her pussy further for me. The glistening pink folds begging me to taste them. I slide my hand along her thigh, pushing my thumb into the swollen nub. Sara gasps, squirming on the dresser.

“Stay still. We can’t have you sliding off,” I chuckle, wrapping my hand around her leg and pulling her closer to my face to show how easy that would be. I spear my tongue straight into her hole, lapping at her juices. Her slight metallic flavors explode in my mouth, and I groan, pressing closer as I push my tongue inside her for a few strokes. I move up to lick and suck at her clit, filling her with two fingers.

Her hands drop to grip the dresser's edge as she gasps, pulling in sharp breaths. I can’t see her face, but I let go of her leg to squeeze her breast. I can feel her milk leaking between my fingers. I lean back, watching as I thrust my fingers in and out of her pussy, her juices wet on my face.

“Keep yourself steady,” I tell her, pinching her nipple, and more milk leaks. I drench my fingers and then rub her clit with the sweetness.

“Shane.” She cries out, her head snapping up to confirm what I just did. Her face is flushed red, and I grin at her.

“Shh. Let me enjoy my meal how I want.” I push her leg back and suck at the swollen nub. My eyes roll back at the mixed flavor of her pussy and milk. I don’t think I would ever tire of either of them. I cram my fingers harder into her, wanting her to gush on them. I need her to come on my face, and then I would shove my dick so far up her cunt. It would be imprinted in it. I swirl my tongue around her clit and then suck it harder. Sara pushes her hips into my mouth with a moan.

“Oh god,” She says, her pussy clamping down on my fingers so tightly I struggle to move them.

Her legs are still shaking as I stand up, unzipping my jeans and pulling my cock out. I give it a few strokes as I step closer to her. I rub my head along her slick cunt, smearing her juices down my shaft. This wasn't the best place to fuck her, but it didn't matter I wanted her too badly to stop. Sara sits up further, wrapping her arms around my neck as I line my tip to her entrance.

"It's going to be fast and hard," I warn, and she nods furiously.

I start to push in when a loud noise echoes down the hallway. Spinning around, I grab the door and pull it halfway closed for our privacy as footsteps can be heard. I can also hear Sara climbing off and hurrying to put on her clothes. I shove my hard cock back into my jeans, leaving them unzipped as I glance back at her. I wait till the footsteps echo further away from us before speaking.

"Find your pump, and let's go," I tell her, sliding the door back up so more light is in the storage unit. I adjust myself and zip up my pants. My erection had faded, but I could feel her drying on my dick. The small tease I got of her pussy wasn't going to hold me off for long. I was tempted to bend her over the seat of my truck and fuck her from behind.

Sara says nothing as she shifts through a few more boxes before pulling out a small black bag from under some blankets.

"Oh, thank god. I was nervous I might have left it at his house." She sighs.

"I would have just bought you a new one."

She rolls her eyes and comes closer to me. "It was free through my insurance. They can be expensive."

I tap her ass to step out of the unit, and I pull the door down, locking it back up. "It doesn't matter. I haven't had a reason to spend much money

for years. I have plenty.”

Grabbing her hand, I twine my fingers through her and pull her down the hallway. She puts the bag on her shoulder and squeezes my hand. “I’m not looking for a free ride, Shane. I’ll be forever thankful you gave us a place to stay when I needed out of a bad situation.”

I stop her, swinging her around to face me. I cup her face and tilt her head up to me. “What if I want to take care of you?”

Sara swallows, her eyes widening, and I kiss her.

“What if I want to provide for you and my nephew? To work every day, and the only thing you have to worry about is feeding us both.”

“Feeding you?” She whispers, and I squeeze her breast with a smirk. She arches into my hand but shakes her head. “What if I don’t want to be stuck like that again?”

I withhold my grimace because I do get what she’s saying. But I need her to understand I wouldn’t let her go. I think she was afraid to admit that this was more than just a few adults letting off some built-up steam. “Then how about we set up a wage for all the cooking or cleaning?”

Her eyebrows furrow, and I squeeze her breast before letting go.

“What if I wanted a real job?”

I shrug, taking the bag off her shoulder and making my way down the hallway. “And what if I want a milk break in the middle of the day?”

“Shane, I’m serious.” She pouts as we get to my truck.

I pause, titling my head at her. “So am I. You have no idea what you unleashed when I first tasted your tits.”

She blushes, biting her lip and looking away from me.

“Get in the car, Sara. I’m going to take you home and show you just how much I want you.”

She can’t hide her smile as she rounds the back of my truck.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# CHAPTER THREE

Every hour that Lana stayed over was an hour closer to her death. Not really, but I desperately wanted her out of my apartment. I wasn't above drastic measures to get her out though. I could see Sara tracking my irritation as more time passed. It was getting late, and even the baby seemed to be socialized out.

I take my sleeping nephew from her arms as Sara stares up at me in alarm. "I'm gonna put the little guy to bed and then lay down myself."

"Wait, I need to change him." She starts to stand up, but I wave her off.

"It's fine. I got it," I cradle him to my chest and nod to Lana. "It was good to see you again."

Lana holds a hand to her heart and smiles at Sara. "Look at him holding your baby. Remember when we had to pick his drunk ass up at senior prom?"

I roll my eyes, not wanting to entertain that line of conversation. I half expected him to wake up as I change his diaper, perhaps even slightly disappointed when he didn't. At least Sara could have used it as an excuse to kick Lana out. After laying him down in the small playpen next to the bed, I sigh when I realize how selfish I was being.

She deserved some time to herself with her friends after her ex kept her isolated for so long from everyone. I didn't realize how far in between phone calls we had gone when she had rang out of the blue crying. I can still hear them chatting away as I make my way to my room, quickly



shower and lay down, scrolling through my phone. Nothing kept my attention, and I was half tempted to stroke my cock at the thoughts of last night or even this afternoon. The only thing stopping me was the possibility of Sara coming to me after Lana left.

After another 30 minutes, I turn off my lights and try to sleep. It was hard though, I kept wondering if Lana was still here or not. And then, if she wasn't... my sister is right down the hall, and I want desperately to fuck her or even hold her. I glance around my room, and a pang of loneliness aches in my chest. It has only been me in my condo for so long that I had forgotten what living with others was like. As they move around throughout the space, the small noises you hear were a reminder you're not alone.

There's a soft knock before the door opens. Sara steps through and closes it gently. She's only in a large t-shirt again. I sit up, leaning against the headboard.

"You okay?"

She nods, walking towards the bed and pulling off the shirt. "I need you."

Her breasts jiggle as she continues to walk, but my gaze strays to her bare pussy, and my mouth waters.

"What exactly is it you need?"

Sara makes it to the bed, climbing on and crawling over me. My hands drop onto her hips as she straddles me. She cups my face, rocking her pussy against my hardening dick.

"Everything."

She kisses me. It's frantic as her hands grab my stomach, pushing my shirt up. I lean forward, kissing her back hard enough to force her with my

motion. I grab the back of my shirt near my neck and pull it off.

She kneels above my lap, pulling at my sweatpants till my dick springs free. She breaks off from our moving lips to glance down. "Scoot forward, only your bottom half."

"What..." I say, following her directions regardless. I lean against the headboard as she drops her warm cunt on top of my cock. I grip her waist with a hiss.

She rubs along my shaft, and my mouth drops with the sensation, both of us watching her movements. Her hands grab her breasts, her delicate fingers pinching her nipples till they leak.

"Fuck," my attention is divided as she drags her wetness up and down my dick. A little whimper escapes her whenever my large head bumps into her clit.

"Need inside you," I grunt as she starts to move faster, her breathing ragged.

"Make me come like this," she gasps.

I thrust up against her with each rock, making my cock hit her clit with more pressure. I push her hands away, lifting one breast and suck a nipple into my mouth and pinch the other.

Sara cries out, her hands grabbing my wrists with my first deep pull. "Oh my god."

Her sweet taste hardens my dick further, as it always does, a bead of pre cum leaking. She needs to come because I'll be damned if I come anywhere but inside her.

"Touch yourself while you hump me. Show me how much you want me to fuck you," I command, switching to the other breast and drinking her

milk.

Her hand slides down her stomach, and I feel the jerk of her hips as soon as she reaches her clit.

“I want it,” she pants. “I want your big... fat... cock...”

I growl, grabbing her waist and pushing her down into the bed. I follow her down, already perfectly lined up between her legs and I push into her pussy in one large thrust. Sara screams, her fingers digging into my shoulders and I groan. I pause, encased halfway in her warmth, threatening to release too soon. I pull out minimally before pushing in further. She’s so fucking tight, it’s like she’s strangling my dick. I grab the back of her knees, push her legs toward her chest, and look down at where we’re connected. Seeing my cock buried almost entirely in my sister’s pussy has it throbbing, some more pre cum leaking from the tip.

“Relax for me,” I rasp, sliding a hand down her thigh to rub at her clit. I rock softly into her with each thrust, she takes a little bit more of me.

“You’re going to look so good when my entire cock is buried in you.”

“*Please*,” she begs, her hands holding onto her knees.

“I know, baby. I know.” I give her a few more soft thrusts, feeling her pussy walls relax enough, and I surge forward, burying myself to the hilt. She arches up, her breasts bouncing with the movement, and a few drops of milk dislodge from her leaking nipples.

I pull out and thrust back into her hard, my gaze focused on those perfect mounds. Each surge causes more drops to leak, and I imagine my sheets drenched with her milk and our cum. The thought causes my dick to jerk, and I abandon any civility. I pound into my sister with a fierceness I don’t recognize, her slick heat gripping and pulling me back in as if it doesn’t want to let me go.

Undistinguished noises come from Sara, but I don't pay attention as I continue fuck her hard. My release was close, but I rubbed against her clit harder, demanding she comes before me.

“Come on my cock, baby. I need you to come.” I lean down and suck one of her perfect nipples into my mouth. That does the trick as her walls clamp down on me, her shaking legs wrapping around my waist. Sara's cunt pulses around my cock, and I can't hold back as my balls draw up into me, and I spill inside her. I groan as I pump my seed deep into her womb. There will never be another day my sister won't be full of my cum.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# EPILOGUE

I push the laptop away and lean back against the couch as she struts towards me with a shy grin. It was hard to get any work done around here. Not because my nephew is starting to get into everything, but because Sara and I can't keep our hands off each other.

"Little guy asleep?"

She nods, climbing into my lap and I grab onto her hips. Her nails dig into my bare shoulders and her smile slips. "I can't believe he's going to be one. Soon he'll be a toddler."

I hum, moving one hand to rest on her stomach. "And when he is... then we'll just have to make a baby of our own."

She bites her lip, nestling closer to my hardening cock. "You want to put a baby in me?"

"Fuck yeah," I groan, thrusting up against her pussy. I can feel her wetness against my briefs, and I know she's bare under her shirt. "You have no idea how fast I come when I imagine your belly swelling with my kid."

Her mouth drops open, her breathing turning ragged. "You never even asked if I was on birth control when you came inside me the first time."

Shrugging, I tell her, "I didn't give a fuck either way." I move to squeeze her breast, pinching her nipple through the shirt. "Show me what's mine."

She pulls it off and slips her hand between us to wrap around my cock. I lift up so she can push my underwear down. We already knew where this was headed, and I preferred to drink from her while buried in her heat.

She gives my cock a few strokes before notching it at her entrance and sinking down. "Ohmygod. Every time."

"I'll never tire of it," I moan with her, gripping her hips and impaling her further onto my cock. "Fuck. You were made to take me."

Sara leans forward, holding her nipples within reach of my mouth, and I suck on them. Her head is thrown back as she grinds against my lap. I focus on pumping into her pussy while drinking her milk down. I let go, swirling my tongue around her leaking bud and nibbling at the peak. "I'm not sure if I'll be able to share them just yet."

"I'll pump," she pants, grinding against me faster. "I want your baby. I want your cum inside me, breeding me, making me yours."

I growl, and pull her off me tossing her face down onto the couch. I crawl on top of her, thrusting hard back into her pussy from behind. "You want my cum?"

My fingers dig harsh into the flesh of her ass, dragging her back into me with every surge forward. My pace was cruel and punishing, the head of my dick pounding against her cervix.

"Yes yes yes," she chants, clenching around me. I rut into her faster, knowing I was close.

"Rub your clit, baby. Come with me. Drag my cum into your little womb." I demand, grunting at the first twitch of my cock. I bury myself as deep as possible, shooting my seed inside her pussy.

"Oh fuck," she moans as I flood her. Her walls pulse around me, and I know she follows me over the edge. My vision spots black as I collapse on

top of her. I kiss her shoulder and adjust us so we're on our side. My favorite part of how tiny my sister is that her tight little body held my dick inside her unless I pulled it out forcefully. We loved to sleep with my cock warmed in her pussy and our mixed cum.

"I stopped taking my pills last week," she whispers.

I nuzzle my face into her neck, grabbing her breast and pushing her against my chest. "I know."

"You really want another baby in the house?"

I nip at her earlobe, smirking at the shiver and then the clench of her pussy. "I want it all. I want to give you a big house, keep your belly swollen with our kids... call you my wife."

She's silent for a moment and then giggles. "I don't even have to change my last name."

I pinch her nipple, and rock my half-hard cock into her. "You don't, but I'm still getting you a ring."

She sighs, wiggling her perfect little ass, "I don't want a proposal. Just promise me you'll always take care of us."

My hand slips to her stomach, and I kiss her neck. "I'll always take care of my family."

She moans, "I love you, big brother."

# STALK ME



Lover of all things forbidden and taboo. Sprinkle some breeding in it and you got perfection.

[Instagram](#)

[OceanofPDF.com](#)



# BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

## **Secrets In The Dark**

I had forgotten about my forbidden crush on my aunt's husband. When he shows up in the middle of the night and asks to crash on my couch, those feelings come roaring back. No one has to know what happens in the dark...

## **Seducing Daddy**

I caught daddy doing something naughty. It stirred something in me, and I had a plan for seducing my dad into bed.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)